

The Day Star of the Orkney's.

A Romance—By Hannah B. McKenzie.

CHAPTER XII.

Two months later, on a stormy day in late October, Magnus Halcrow and Elspeth Troil are standing together within sight of the Rowan Crag. It is probably the last time they shall do so, for Elspeth leaves Orkney with Lady Westray tomorrow. The Westray children have been proved the heirs of her late husband's property, and Crag Castle will be shut up and uninhabited during their minority.

The horror of that terrible day comes back again to Elspeth, and she shudders involuntarily. Then Magnus says slowly:

"You shiver, Miss Troil. Forgive me for alluding to that terrible time, but I must do so just this once. I have no wish to speak against the dead, but I wish to disabuse your mind of the idea that I loved Lillith Stuart. She fascinated, enthralled me, as she had done other men before—that was all. When I saw her as she was—her beautiful exterior merely a covering for a warped and self-engrossed soul—my heart turned from her with repulsion."

"Hush!" says Elspeth gently. "Remember she is dead. We must deal kindly with her now. She is in God's hands."

Magnus took the womanly little hand and held it for a minute. He does not tell her—he does not think she knows—that he himself is sure of that Lillith Stuart had met her death in trying to compass that of another.

"Tell me the truth, Elspeth," he says suddenly. He has not called her Elspeth for years, and the girl's face becomes suddenly flooded with crimson. "Do you think I loved her?"

"I thought," answered Elspeth slowly, tracing lines with an umbrella on the damp path, "that you were very near doing so, Dr. Halcrow."

"And if I should tell you now," said Dr. Halcrow, very calmly, though some strange emotion throbs beneath the outward calm, "that I have learned lately what I have never realized before—that it is some one else who had the innermost place in my heart during that foolish enthrallment—what would you say, Elspeth? And if I asked you not to go away tomorrow, or, if you do, to come back soon to the dear old island, and to a heart and home waiting for you, what would you say, Elspeth?"

The hand in his gives one quick, sharp quiver. He can feel its pulse bounding wildly.

"Why do you ask these questions, Dr. Halcrow? Is it out of pity?"

"Pity?" he repeats. "Nay, Elspeth; pity would never make me ask a woman to be my wife. It is because I love you, dear, with all my heart. How could I help it—I, who have known you so well, so closely, so intimately these last months—who have seen your quiet brave heroism, your womanly gentleness, your self-sacrifice, your sweet charity and forgiveness? It was you who showed me what love really means. You will come, you will love me, dear, will you not?"

He holds out his arms, and with-out a word Elspeth goes into them.

She has obtained the happiness she had never dared dream would be hers. And so that spot, which had become the scene of the darkest tragedy in the lives of both, becomes also to both the dearest spot on earth.

[THE END.]

Dr. Falconer's Temptation.

A SHORT STORY.

It occurred in the most unromantic way, and amid the most prosaic surroundings. There is probably no position in the world more fatal to romance, or more likely to crush all superfluous sentiment out of a man's nature, than that of a parish doctor. The scenes of squalid misery he is compelled every day to witness are more likely to blunt and exhaust the sense of pity in the average man than to develop it by exercise, especially when a little experience has shown how closely they are associated with vice and deceit, and how certain is the man who gives way to his first impulsive instinct of charity to awake sooner or later to the knowledge that he has been cheated and laughed at ten times by specious rogues for once that he has been of any real help to the unfortunate. And he is apt to become cynical in consequence.

Richard Falconer had started in life with more rather than less of the usual romance and unpractical sentiment of youth. The last thing he had thought of had been the hard realities of life. And, as a natural consequence those hard realities were now asserting themselves and forcing themselves upon his attention more and more every day in the hard struggle to establish himself in practice on the slender basis of a parish appointment in a big provincial town where he was as yet little known and had a host of wealthier competitors. It was so different

from the career his glowing anticipations had pictured in the happy old college days. He had left the university with a good degree, and his chances of ultimate success were most highly estimated by those professional friends who knew him best; but he had himself almost lost heart. He looked every day with sinking spirits and lengthening face on his young wife and son—now a rapidly growing boy with a portentous appetite, whom he must soon begin to think of placing at school—and his heart sank lower still one morning when the only visitor to his surgery was a ragged messenger, who produced from his pocket a dirty and much-folded slip of paper, which, on being smoothed out, proved to be only the usual parish order to visit a pauper patient in the poorest quarter of the town. It looked just like any other such as he was in the daily habit of receiving, and he glanced at it almost mechanically as he answered:

"Peter Ingram, 3 Paradise Row—urgent." Very well, I shall be there in about half an hour."

It was not a promising duty, but it was at least better than to sit eating his own heart in the bitterness of enforced idleness, as he had too often been compelled to do of late; so, waiting only to put his stethoscope and thermometer in his pocket, he seized his umbrella and started. The streets through which he passed to his destination, each darker and dirtier and more thickly studded with public houses than the last, seemed to his morbid fancy to symbolize his own position and prospects. In one of the darkest and dirtiest of all he stopped before a house even in such a neighborhood was conspicuous for its neglected appearance. The paint had long ago peeled in great patches off the door, and more than half the panes of glass were broken in the window, while the remaining ones were perfectly opaque with dust and cobwebs. Nine out of ten persons would have passed the house as uninhabited, but Dr. Falconer knew better. Finding his knock unanswered, he tried the latch, but the door was locked. Again he rapped sharply, this time with the handle of his umbrella, and after a second repetition a key grated in the lock, the door opened three inches, and a glittering eye, under a red bushy eyebrow, sharply scrutinized him from behind it. Then it closed again; he heard a chain unfasten, the door was opened just wide enough to admit him, and closed, locked, and chained behind him the moment he had entered.

"Are you afraid of thieves, my friend?" said the doctor, glancing round the four bare walls as well as the light permitted. "You need hardly be nervous on that score, I think."

"No," said the man who had admitted him; "one who has parted with the very last rag and stick he can spare has at least that consolation. Vacuus cantabit, you know. But I have still a little pride left, and don't like every one to see me in this plight."

"Ah," said Falconer, catching him by the arm to draw him near the light. "You have come down in the world, then. Was it drink? Be frank with me."

"I won't deny that drink began it," he answered, quietly. "But don't make a mistake, doctor; drink isn't the cause of my present illness. I was once a university man myself and looking forward to a profession. Drink ruined my prospects, and I found myself a private soldier instead. But I pulled up. I haven't tasted drink for many years. An old wound received at Abu Klea, and repeated doses of malaria have brought me to my present condition."

"Am I to understand, then," said the doctor, "that you are yourself the patient I was sent for to see? Why are you not in bed, then?"

"Because there is no one to open the door but myself. I am alone in the house—and in the world. But when you see my bed," he added, grimly, "you will not wonder that I like to keep out of it as long as I can."

"You ought to be in it now," said the doctor, and, indeed, as he spoke the man began to shiver and tremble, and crying with chattering teeth, "Oh—h—h! it's on me again!" clutched at the solitary chair that stood in the room, and sat down in such a paroxysm of shuddering that the floor shook beneath him, and the very window rattled in its frame. The doctor hastily produced his hypodermic case, and looked around in vain for a jug of water. Opening a door behind him, he stepped into a room almost as bare as the first, except that a heap of rags lay in one corner and a handful of fire smoldered in the rusty grate. A water jug and a cup and plate stood upon the floor close to the wall, but on lifting the jug he found it empty. Returning to his patient, he found the fit had terminated in violent sickness.

"My poor fellow," said he, as soon as this had subsided, "you must go to bed and have a nurse to look after you. I shall have you taken to the infirmary at once. Just lie down here for a few minutes until I can procure a fly, and I will have you there in a jiffy. I will take you myself, so there will be no end him by the arm and shrieked out: But to his surprise the patient clutch-

ed him by the arm and shrieked out: "No, doctor, no! anything rather than that! I would sooner die on the floor! I won't go, I tell you! If you can't do me any good here, just leave me alone; but go to infirmary or hospital, I won't, or have a nurse fussing about me either. I've fought through as bad as this before without any help, and I will again! Go!" he fairly yelled in his excitement; "go and leave me to get through it without your help."

"Oh!" muttered the doctor to himself, "so it will be the asylum instead of the infirmary. Don't agitate yourself, my friend," he continued to his patient; "if you prefer misery to comfort, and sickness to health, that's your own affair. I'm not going to force any kindness on you. You shall stay here; I can't pass any harsher sentence on you than that. Now will you be good enough to strip to the waist, and let me overhaul you thoroughly. You haven't had malarial fever so long as you say without enlarged spleen or liver, I'll be bound."

The man sulkily took off his coat and waistcoat. "Don't ask me to strip any further, doctor. It's too cold; and, to confess the truth, I haven't had my clothes off for weeks, and I'm ashamed you should see them."

"All the more reason for taking them off now," said the doctor. "Man, how can you endure it? It is enough to breed a fever in itself! Off with them!" and he caught hold of him to help him to remove them. But the other wriggled from his grasp, and planted himself in a corner of the room, with his hands clutching his waist as far round as he could reach.

"Don't be such a howling fool!" said the doctor, with as much good nature as he could command under the circumstances. "Listen to me, my friend. You have contracted liver and enlarged spleen at this moment, or I'm very much mistaken. But you have worse than that. I felt something when I caught hold of you a moment ago, and I'm afraid it's a malignant tumor of the most serious kind. As I live," he went on, stepping close to him, and passing his hand round the waist, in spite of efforts to prevent him, "I can make out more than one even through your clothes. Come, come! Be a little more reasonable. Let me get you to bed and examine you properly. You're not fit to be on your feet at this moment. Come, my poor fellow, don't play the fool any longer. If you do, I shall have to conclude you a madman, and take measures accordingly. Don't force me to that."

"Well, doctor, I give in then. Just step into the other room while I undress, please, and I'll call when you're to come in."

The doctor raised his eyebrows at this modest request, but thought it best to humor him, and went into the outer room, closing the door behind him. As he did so, he heard the key turned in the lock on the other side. In another minute, however, it was turned again, and a few seconds later he heard the voice of his patient: "Come in now, doctor." Entering, he found him on a ragged mattress that lay on the floor, covered with a dirty blanket and the coat and trousers he had been wearing. Kneeling down beside him, he proceeded to examine him in regular professional fashion, but to his amazement he entirely failed to detect any sign of the tumors he had been confident he felt through his patient's clothes. The man's emaciation was extreme, and had any such abnormal swelling been present it could not have escaped his observation. But there was none, and Falconer was obliged to admit to himself that his first diagnosis was incorrect. He could find no trace of the hard knotty swellings he had been so sure he felt beneath the clothes. There was enough, however, to warrant a grave view of the case, and he exerted all his eloquence to persuade the patient to consent to be taken to the infirmary, but without effect.

(To be Continued.)

A "LUCKY" LAWYER.

Numerous instances are given of the power that Mr. Rufus Choate possessed over a jury, concealing it even at the time he was exercising it with the most potent effect. Mr. E. P. Whipple instances two notable cases of this kind: One resolute jurymen said to another, as he entered the "box":

"Now, mind you, there is one man in this crowd who will not give a verdict for the client of that man Choate. Why, sir, he is the great corrupter of juries. I know all his arts. He is engaged by fellows who wish to subvert justice between man and man. I hate him with my whole heart and soul!"

When the verdict was given for Choate's client, with hardly a discussion in the jury-room, the wonder was expressed that this obstinate member of the conclave agreed so readily with the rest.

"Oh," he said, "the case was a plain one. Choate was right this time; and you know it would have been scandalous for me to violate justice because I had a prejudice against the person who supported it. Let him appear before us in a case where he is palpably wrong, and I will show you that I'm all right. He never can humbug me!"

On another occasion a hard-headed, strong-hearted, well-educated farmer was one of a jury that gave five verdicts in succession for Choate's clients. He said:

"I did not think much of his flights of fancy; but I considered him a very lucky lawyer, for there was not one of those five cases that came before us where he wasn't on the right side."

If you would succeed in life, learn to know what you can't do.

THE NEWS OF INDIANA.

Minor Happenings of the Past Week—Events in Hoosierdom Tersely Told in Telegrams.

Persecuted Through the Mails.

Logansport, Ind.—Dr. M. B. Stewart, a popular physician, has discovered the identity of some young women who have been subjecting him to a refined system of persecution for several months. Shortly after Stewart located here he became active in church work. He was also popular socially, and soon attracted a large number of patients. His troubles began with his prosperity and popularity. Early in January he received an anonymous communication, assailing his character in unmeasured terms. This mis-sive was only the first of many, and it was not long until the physician began to receive scurrilous epistles on every delivery of mail. Many of his friends received similar letters, all attacking Dr. Stewart. As it became evident that the authors of the letters were endeavoring to injure him socially and financially, Stewart began an investigation. His efforts met with no result other than to increase the vindictiveness of his enemies. As a last resort he enlisted the aid of the postoffice authorities, and a systematic plan was devised to discover the identity of the persons responsible for the outrage. Every mailbox in the city was watched, and it was discovered who mailed the letters. The result was a revelation to the doctor, as he had never implicated the people upon whom the authorities had fixed the guilt. Their standing is such that Mr. Stewart declines to prosecute, although he may have no choice in the matter, since he had been in communication with the authorities at Cincinnati, who detailed an inspector in the case. If the inspector puts in an appearance and insists on pushing the case to a definite conclusion, Logansport will witness the degradation of some of its best known citizens. Dr. Stewart ascribes his persecution to jealousy of his standing as a physician and citizen.

Anonymous Letters Traced.

Lagrange, Ind.—For several months prominent young women, besides young married couples, at Kendallville, have been annoyed by the receipt of anonymous letters, some of them highly improper, and this was carried to such an extent that one young woman gave way to nervous prostration, and is now under treatment at a sanatorium. After a time the victims appealed to the postoffice authorities, and Chief Inspector Moore gave it his individual attention. After much difficulty, aided by marked stamps, Chief Moore traced the trouble to Mrs. Alonzo Strong, who stoutly denied it when confronted by the inspector. Further investigation seemed to warrant the arrest of Mrs. Strong, who is a young married woman, moving in the best of society, and a warrant was forwarded to Deputy United States Marshal Rose, at Angola, who delayed service until yesterday, owing to the press of other official business. When he arrived at Kendallville he found that Mrs. Strong was dead and buried, the funeral occurring the day before. Disturbed by the charge brought against her, it appears that several days before Mrs. Strong sought relief in suicide, taking a solution of iodine and chloroform. The affair has caused the most profound astonishment.

A Bitter Family Controversy.

Sullivan, Ind.—An interesting case is on trial in the Sullivan Circuit Court. The defendant is Edgar B. Stone, who is charged with attempting to kill his father-in-law, Byrne Riggs, whose family is wealthy and influential. Stone married a daughter of Mr. Riggs, but he and his wife soon separated. According to evidence so far introduced, Stone and his wife met in her father's barn-lot, and after a talk, it is alleged, he drew a revolver and threatened to kill her. Mr. Riggs was attracted to the scene, and Stone fired two shots at him, and afterward two at his own wife, but no harm resulted. Shortly after this affair, Stone and Riggs met, and the latter took a shot at Stone, using a shotgun, without effect. In addition to this prosecution, there is also a suit in which Stone claims \$15,000 damages from his father-in-law.

Odd Fellows Hall in Ashes.

Shoals, Ind.—The Odd Fellows' building was discovered on fire about 4 o'clock this morning and was soon a mass of flames, resulting in total destruction. The Odd Fellows, Daughters of Rebekah and G. A. R. lost all their properties. Ed C. Taylor, grocer, and Colonel Gunkel, cigar manufacturer, lost their entire stocks of goods, and C. C. King & Bro., contractors, were also heavy losers. The Odd Fellows carried a small insurance. Taylor was insured for \$8,000. The total loss is several thousand dollars.

The remains of Chaplain Freeman, United States navy, who committed suicide off the coast of Japan, while suffering with delirium, incident to nervous prostration following the battle of Manila, have reached San Francisco and will be buried at his old home at Logansport.

Charles S. Williams, who, in company with Mrs. Martha Barnes, was shot while the two were consorting in a boat-house at Evansville, died last night. Mrs. Barnes was instantly killed. Their murderer is still at large.

Held for Alleged Theft.

Franklin, Ind.—Marshal Baldwin this morning arrested George Weston as he alighted from a Martinsville train, on telegraphic information of a robbery at that place. Weston corresponded with the description of the man wanted, and when searched at the jail the missing property was found on his person. The man robbed was Frank Branch of Martinsville. Ten silver dollars and a few smaller articles of value were taken from him, and by telephone he described the articles found on Weston. In addition to Branch's effects, three gold watches were found on the captured man. He neither denied nor admitted his guilt. Among his papers was one directing word to be sent to Mrs. Elizabeth Weston, 716 East Washington street, Louisville, Ky., in case of injury or death to bearer.

A Fatal Boiler Explosion.

Vincennes, Ind.—The boiler in the saw-mill of Thomas Noltemeyer, at Greensburg, exploded, killing the engineer, Frank Jarrell, and badly injuring George Broyer and Will Robbins. The explosion was terrific and tore Jarrell to pieces. This is the second time the boiler in this saw-mill has exploded, killing a man each time. Jarrell leaves a large family in poor circumstances.

General State News.

A choral union is being organized at Frankfort.

The Pendleton window-glass factory has re-commenced manufacturing glass.

"Babe" Householder of Sherron, Pa., a tin-plate worker, died at Atlanta of alcoholism.

J. W. Molar, employed in the Jackson Hill coal mines, was killed by falling slate.

Green goods sharks are reported working in northern Delaware and southern Wells counties.

Robert Knotts of Elwood, after a quarrel with his wife, attempted suicide by cutting his throat.

A chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution has been organized at New Albany, headed by Miss Mary E. Card-will as regent.

John Elmore of Montgomery county is suing Uras Copeland for \$5,000 damages for the alleged alienation of his wife's affections.

While the Rossville Journal, the state organ of the Populists, is printed at Indianapolis, headquarters will remain at Rossville.

The clothing of the four-year-old child of Edward Reddick of Noblesville caught fire from a stove and the little one was burned to death.

The late William Kirkwood, Sr., of Nottingham township, Carroll county, during his active days was prominent in county and township affairs.

John Rosenbaum of Portland was carried home with two severe knife wounds in his back. He is unable to tell in what way they were received.

City Marshal Bird of Frankfort is again disabled by the bullet fired into his body eight years ago by the young desperado, Arthur Palmer of Russia-ville.

Henry Ebert, a switchman employed by the Michigan Central Railway Company at Michigan City for many years, fell under an engine and was instantly killed.

The employers and employees of the Wilson & McCulloch fruit factories at Fairmount and Marion have adjusted their differences and a start will be made next week.

Harry Halam of the Anderson Herald ignited escaping natural gas and he is minus mustache, eyebrows and hair, besides being seriously burned about the face and hands.

Rachel B. Gould of Terre Haute was declared insane because she was ambitious to marry a three-eyed man and had made a trousseau of red and green plush, in anticipation of success.

Richmond has seven ex-mayors still living—John P. Thistlewaite, Lewis D. Stubbs, Dr. James F. Hibbert, John L. Rupe, William Moore, Perry J. Freeman and Major James S. Ostrander.

William A. Freeman, formerly of Guy, but more recently engaged with a thrashing and hauling outfit, has applied for financial relief under the bankrupt law. Liabilities, \$4,000; assets, \$2,000.

Michigan City is making a strong effort to be chosen as the home of the new Episcopalian diocese. One parish-ioners offers to give \$10,000, and the Trinity church will donate its property for cathedral purposes.

The manner in which the county officials are assisting the W. B. Conkey Co. at Hammond is exciting bitter protests from labor unions throughout the state. In several cases union men have been ordered out of town.

Superintendent Ellabarger of the Dublin schools expelled several pupils and suspended others because of trouble originating over a literary society. An appeal has been taken to the state school superintendent.

James Coon of Grant county, where he lived for many years, is dead. He was seventy-four years old.

Within the past forty days the Knights of Honor have paid \$8,000 to families of deceased members in Terre Haute.

Robert Maine of Swayzee will locate a zinc smelter at Matthews.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

MASONIC.

PLYMOUTH KILWINING LODGE, No. 149, F. and A. M.; meets first and third Friday evenings of each month. Daniel McDonald, W. M. John Corberly, Sec.

PLYMOUTH CHAPTER, No. 49, R. A. M.; meets second Friday evening of each month. L. Southworth H. P. J. C. Jilson, Sec.

PLYMOUTH COMMAND'RY, No. 26 K. T.; meets second and fourth Thursday of each month. D. McDonald E. C.; L. Tanner Rec.

PLYMOUTH CHAPTER, No. 26, O. E. S.; meets first and third Tuesdays of each month. Mrs. Mary L. Thayer W. M. Mrs. G. Aspinall, Sec.

ODD FELLOWS.

AMERICUS LODGE, No. 91; meets every Thursday evening at their lodge rooms on Michigan st. Ed Campbell N. G. Chas. Shearer Sec.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

HYPERION LODGE, No. 117 meets every Monday night in Castle Hall. Lou Ailman C. C. Chas. S. Price K. of R. and S. FORESTERS.

PLYMOUTH COURT, No. 499; meets the second and fourth Friday evenings of each month, in K. of P. hall. Elmer Weratz C. R. Daniel Cramer Sec.

HYPERION TEMPLE RATH-BONE SISTERS, meets first and third Friday of each month Mrs. J. G. Davis, Mrs. Rena Armstrong

K. O. T. M.

PLYMOUTH TENT, No. 27; meets every Tuesday evening at K. O. T. M. hall. Dan. Jacoby, Com. James Hoffman, Record Keeper.

L. O. T. M.

WIDE AWAKE HIVE, No. 67; meets every Monday night at K. O. T. M. hall on Michigan street. Mrs. Flora J. Ellis, Commander. Bessie Wilkinson, Record Keeper.

HIVE NO. 28; meets every Wednesday evening in K. O. T. M. hall. Mrs. Maggie Fogle, Com., Alma E. Lawrence, Record Keeper.

ROYAL ARCANUM.

Meets first and third Wednesday evenings of each month in Simon's hall. Moses M. Lauer, Regent. Francis McCrory, Sec.

WOODMEN OF THE WORLD

Meets first and third Wednesday evenings of each month in K. of P. hall. C. M. Kasper, C. C. Joe Eich, Clerk

G. A. R.

MILES H. TIBBETS POST, G. A. R.; meets every first and third Monday evenings in Simons hall. Dwight L. Dickerson Com., Charlie Wilcox, Adj.

SONS OF VETERANS.

Meets every second and fourth Friday evenings in G. A. R. hall. J. A. Shunk, Captain. Cora B. North, 1st Lieut.

CHURCHES.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at noon. Junior Endeavor at 4 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Teacher's meeting immediately following. Rev. Thornberry, Pastor.

METHODIST—Class meeting every Sunday morning at 9:30 o'clock. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Epworth league at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7:00 p. m. L. S. Smith, pastor. J. W. Wittfogt, class leader. D. Frank Redd, Sabbath school superintendent.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL—St Thomas church. Rev. Wm. Wirt Raymond, rector. Sunday services, 10:30 a. m., 7:30 p. m. Sunday service, at noon. Services Wednesday evenings at 7:30. Communion on holy days at 10 a. m.

CHURCH OF GOD—Garro and Water sts. Regular services 10:30 a. m., each Sunday. Third Sunday in each month preaching by J. L. Wince; fourth Sunday by H. V. Reed. 10:30 Sunday morning and 7:30 Sunday evening. Sunday school at 12 o'clock; Eva Reilback Supt. Prayer meeting at 7:30 each Thursday evening.

UNITED BRETHREN—Sunday 9:30 a. m., class meeting. 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m., preaching by the pastor. 11:30 a. m., Sunday School. 5:00 p. m. Junior Y. P. C. U. meeting. 6:00 p. m. Senior Y. P. C. U. meeting. A cordial invitation is extended to the public.

CATHOLIC CHURCH—Church is held on Sundays as follows: First mass at 7:30 a. m., second mass at 10 a. m. Vespers at 3 p. m. Week day mass at 7:45. Father Moench pastor.

ARE YOU ALIVE
To the fact that all successful business men credit their success to the liberal use of print.